Will's Non-Eggplant-Egg-Yolk-Separator

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/31347329.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Idiots in Love, Implied Sexual Content, Pranks and Practical Jokes, gone wrong of course, Innuendo, Crack, Fluff, Fluff and Humor, First Kiss, Love Confessions
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Plathianglass's Hannigram Crack Fics
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-17 Words: 1,183 Chapters: 1/1

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by orphan_account

Summary

Requested by Delia72.

Will's attempt at a practical joke goes wrong. Hanni doesn't get it (as in the joke), but he sure does get it (as in... well, ya know).

I'm migrating all my crack fics, so you might have read this already.

This was it. Will had to get it. An egg yolk separator that resembled an eggplant. *Get it, Hanni?* Egg*plant?* Sure, the thing was expensive, but it was about time Hannibal got a taste of his own medicine, anyway, after years of making cannibal puns in front of the head of the BAU. With a spring in his step, Will practically skipped back to their small cottage.

"Ah, my dear Will, I was beginning to wonder whether you were coming home for dinner," said Hannibal, as he took Will's jacket. "For dinner I've made bouillabaisse, which you know is quite typical to Marseille... what's this?"

"Huh?" Will had been so absorbed in anticipation at watching Hannibal turn up his nose over the eggplant egg separator that he didn't realize Hannibal had been speaking for some time. At Hannibal's intense, almost reprimanding stare, he felt a bloom of warmth spread over his cheeks. "This... oh."

Hannibal stepped closer, and gestured vaguely towards the bag in his hands. "May I?" This wasn't exactly how Will wished to present the egg yolk separator to him, but he really didn't want Hannibal to think he was hiding something from him. Not after all that they had already been through. Well, nothing to hide, yes, except perhaps the hopeless crush he was steadily developing for Hannibal. Of course they loved each other, and worked together seamlessly, but never once had the subject of being romantically or otherwise intimately involved ever been broached.

"Will... ." *Wait.* Was that -- a blush, on Hannibal Lecter's face? *Oh god no, now he must think this is an actual gift, not just a gag gift. Shit, he's ACTUALLY TAKING IT SERIOUSLY --*

Hannibal's smile widened. "Will, are you attempting to tell me something?" Slowly, Will tilted is chin up enough to meet Hannibal's gaze. *Oh shit. Is he... is he looking at me through his eyelashes? While blushing? And* -- Hannibal slowly licked his lips, involuntarily drawing a decidedly responsive *sound* from Will's throat. After a moment of confusion, Will's eyes widened, and he escaped quickly to the opposite end of the room, his back turned to Hannibal. "Oh god, I'm so sorry, I -- look, I saw this eggplant-shaped egg yolk separator, and it says 'La Petite Morte' on it, which means 'the little dead', like, you know, *meat,* and I figured it was a bad pun and, well, another bad pun all in one... " Words failed him. He felt as if he had done something wrong, but didn't quite know what, making it hard to figure out how to apologize for it. With more resignation than a sad puppy with its tail tucked between its legs, he turned. Hannibal's face had fallen, the gleam that was there a moment ago seemingly doused with cold water. "I'm sorry..."

Hannibal only shook his head, a small chuckle falling from his lips. Will's ears strained to preserve it. "Will... this is likely because your French has been out of use for quite some time, but 'La Petite Morte' does not mean 'the little dead', but 'the little death'." Without waiting for *that* to register with Will's brain, he continued, a salacious grin beginning to spread itself on his face, "Furthermore... would you like to explain why this egg yolk separator *vibrates?"* To prove his point, he pressed a small button at its base.

Nope, nope, nope. That was the last straw. Without so much as another glance at Hannibal, Will turned on his heel and fled towards the bedroom he so woefully occupied alone. He slammed the door and buried his face into his sheets, praying that they could swallow him whole and teleport him to a cell at the BSHCI. He had spent so many nights and inconvenient mornings thinking (no, absolutely not *just thinking)* about Hannibal, his face, his arms, the chest hair that sometimes peeked out from his robe when he came to hold Will after his nightmares at 3 A.M... . And now Hannibal was probably laughing at him. *Joke's on me, after all.*

A hand gingerly brushed the center of his back. He had imagined it touching him, here, in his bed, but never like this. "GET OUT!" Will shouted.

"Will. I assure you I have only the most polite intentions for being here. I wish to apologize for my earlier comments. They were... likely not the best way to have dealt with the situation."

"WHAT THE HELL! I thought --"

"I am sorry for making you uncomfortable, and wish for you to know that I will never violate you in such a way knowingly."

"-- you were making fun of me!"

Hold on. WHAT?! With a bounce, Will sat up on the mattress. "Wait. Hold on." Hannibal held up a hand. "Why did you think I was making fun of you?"

Ah. This was exactly where Will wanted him. "Uh-uh. You tell me first, Dr. Lecter. You said you wouldn't *violate* me... that implies that you want my *consent."* Hannibal only sighed.

"Will, I believe I just made you a promise. I do not intend on breaking it. And if I am not mistaken, you have still not answered my question. Why did you think I was making fun of you? Do you not realize that I would never mock you, except good-naturedly?"

"... right. Because you're in love with me and all that shi-- Oh shit. You're -- I thought you were making fun of me because of my fucking full-blown *infatuation* with you, but you've felt --" Without another word, Will was pressed urgently into the soft nest of blankets, and kissed so thoroughly he didn't even want to think about speaking.

"Are you?" Hannibal's smirk, from a distance of approximately two inches, was far more sanguine than smug, as if the whole world was an inside joke between them.

"Am I what?" whispered Will, grinning as he lazily pecked at Hannibal's cheek.

"Infatuated with me?"

Will rolled over and slammed Hannibal against the sheets until he settled on top. "Yes, you fucking idiot, I'm surprised you didn't hear the *evidence* through the walls all those nights you were supposed to be *here."*

From beneath him, the sweetest smile Will had ever seen shined up at him. "Perhaps I was too occupied trying to sate my desperation for you to hear you, Will, and even if I did I would not have allowed myself to hope. When you brought back the vibrator I thought... "

Another kiss shut him up. "Tonight I want you to move all your shit into this room, or help me move all my stuff into yours. You owe me so much cuddling, too, you know." For once in his life, Hannibal just nodded, eyes shut in contentment. "But first... let's christen that *egg yolk separator* with some other choice proteins, shall we?"

And then, dear reader, it will only suffice to say that Hannibal practically pounced on Will. And if the dog did shred the vibrator Will accidentally brought home in boredom because the two humans of the house were too busy tussling upstairs, they were too occupied to notice.

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